



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

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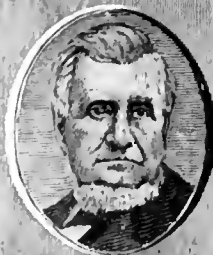
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TURKEY AND ITS PEOPLE. II.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 341.]

IN OUR picture accompanying this article, we present a Turkish lady in her street costume. Her cloak is what is called the *ferah-dije*, and is one of the fine wearing apparels. The more common walking wrap is the *char-shaf* or sheet. This last article is exactly the shape of a common bed sheet with a drawstring through the middle, just high enough up to give the lower part proper skirt length. After the drawstring is tied, the upper half of the sheet is then brought up over the shoulders and head, and down over the forehead in a nice fold,

and the sides are pulled together over the cheeks, mouth and nose, and firmly held by the one hand in such a way as to leave only a small part of the face about the eyes exposed.

The liberty of showing the eyes and the

upper part of the nose is, however, not indulged in by any of the Moslem faith, except the ladies of Constantinople and one or two other places. In the country places, excepting the vulgar rabble, the ladies carry a colored veil under the *char-shaf*, and thus cover their faces completely. The Moslems, by their customs, require their ladies to scrupulously keep their faces covered, as it is one sign of their virtue. In fact in most places in Turkey, a girl whose



TURKISH WOMAN.

face has been exposed to the view of men, would stand a very poor chance of marriage; and a woman who carelessly uncovered her face before strange men, that is, any one besides husband, father or brothers, would be divorced and regarded as a prostitute. In many places in Turkey, even the Christians require their women to cover their faces, so binding are the customs of that land.

The face-covering you see represented in the picture is called the *yashmak*. It is either a long piece of swiss or a white veil so wrapped around the face as to leave only the eyes and the root of the nose to view. This latter is the common style of Constantinople, and it varies in thickness according to the faith of the wearer and her relatives in their Moslem traditions, until, with some, the veil becomes so thin that the wearer looks more like a fairy than a real person.

A Turkish lady uses a great deal of perfumery, and her cosmetics are of the best. When she appears in the street she generally looks clean and neat according to their habits, and with her dignified walk and modest appearance she is really very attractive. She will not look at men if they look at her, hence it is seldom one can obtain a good look at her eyes even if they be not covered. The modesty of a Turkish lady could be adopted by us with great advantage to our girls, as a young lady who is dignified and courteous, and who is unassuming in her appearance in society, is always admired and sought.

A Turkish girl is indeed "given in marriage." As a rule she has but little to do with courting, it is something she does not understand. She never thinks of a young man for a life's companion, but patiently submits all those affairs to her parents or relatives to arrange, as they are supposed to understand these things better than she.

The bridegroom pays for his bride, and thus the taking of a wife is a business transaction in which the parents on both sides are the parties chiefly engaged. The average price of a girl is from seventy-five to one hundred dollars, though rich Turks pay high-

er for their Caucasian maids. In most instances, she never sees her intended husband before marriage, and for that matter the young man fares no better—he is not allowed to see his future help-meet.

It needs no argument to convince any one, that many of such unions prove extremely unhappy, and for the relief of unlucky couples, very accommodating divorce laws are to be found in Turkey. Among the many reasons why a husband should be granted a divorce are, adultery, an incurable bad breath and a scolding tongue on the part of the wife.

A Turkish wife has but few privileges, according to our ideas, but she has much liberty when she talks; that is, she assumes the freedom of saying just about what she pleases when she becomes angry, and about all anyone can do is to try and pacify her, for to reason with her is usually out of the question. When she becomes vexed on the street, no one will touch her but those who are forced to attend her and they will always try to pacify her by letting her have her own way. The police generally keep far away when a Mohammedan woman is raging, as it is much against their custom for one man to touch another man's wife.

In Constantinople it is prohibited by law for a gentleman and lady to ride in one carriage together, though they be husband and wife. If a woman be out with her husband, she can usually be found trailing behind or on the opposite side of the street.

In her domestic duties, the Mohammedan woman is quite a worker. She does a great deal of hard work, and as a rule her house is kept very clean. An extra amount of scrubbing and mopping the floor is done when one is ordinarily unable to see any dust on the floor. But the keeping of the floor extra clean is an imperative necessity in that land, because the floor is used for so many things besides walking on. In the daytime, nice mats and fancy carpets are spread for seats for visitors, and at meal times a large, round platter is brought out and placed on a low

stool in the middle of the floor, and all present take up a cross legged position around this temporary table. In the night, the bed-clothes which have been folded and nicely put away in the wall cupboard for the day, are brought out and beds are made on the floor for the family.

The house is so divided that the women have their own department, which is called the harem. The windows of this place are closely covered with a kind of lattice-work so that no one from the outside can look in. There the ladies of the harem enjoy their freedom, and while away many hours in chatting and smoking cigarettes, as they seldom leave home to visit even a next door neighbor without special permission.

Friis.

UP FROM TRIBULATION.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 329)

"GIRLS, that's the cannon; its daylight." Then the jumping and scrambling and hurrying. It was the morning of the Fourth, and the Mainwaring girls with Aseneth Lang were hastily preparing to run down stairs and help get the children ready for the day. Aseneth had been persuaded to stay all night at the Mainwaring's in order to be with them at the march.

Down stairs all was hurry and confusion. Aunt Fanny alone was as little upset by the merry uproar as she would be if nothing out of the common was going on. Nothing ever made Aunt Fanny disorderly or put out. She went on the calm tenor of her way, as undisturbed by noise or other worry as a rock in a brawling stream is unfretted by the foaming waters around it. As for poor Aunt Sarah, who was not any too strong, the excitement rose in her head like bad wine, and she alternately begged her children to be still and whimpered about her inability to get them ready.

"Helen," she called to the eldest girl, "why don't you do something towards getting yourself ready. You will be behind all

the rest, and who'll care if you are? You know you are not strong, and you have to get along without any help, but your poor sick, good-for-nothing mother's; land of mercy, don't cry about it," the mother's dismal forecasts had unlocked the fountain of childish tears, "it won't do any good to cry. Stand still while Aseneth combs your hair, and don't bother her with your sobs. I don't know how it is," the mother confided to Aunt Mary's kind ears, "But my Helen is so tender-hearted."

"I should think she was!" said Tommy to Willard, as the two stood washing their hands in the sink, "Helen's so tender-hearted that her mother can't ask her to get a pail of water, but she has to bawl." Tommy's wink and Willard's smile were lost in the wash basin but Aunt Sarah's quick ear caught the words, and she said plaintively:

"I don't wonder at your unfeeling cruelty, Thomas, for no one can expect anything else of such a selfish, petted child; but the time will come when women's aches and pains will receive something more at mens' and boys' hands than ridicule. If you ever could once suffer in your back what poor Helen does with her back, you would never carry a pail of water if people choked for it." This rebuke was a very proper one for the lad, but she did not go on to tell why it was that poor Helen had such a bad back. Chronic laziness, a diet of gréase, sugar, pork and coffee, with the cruelty of boned and corded waists which pinched the slender, girlish form into a perfect reflection of her mother's hour glass waist at the same age, made fifteen-year-old Helen a misery to herself and a burden to her mother.

"Say, Willard," joked Aunt Sarah, as he was combing his hair before the one glass, "you ought to take me and 'Seneth to the grand ball to-night, for we come the nearest to being your folks than anyone else here."

"I have asked Miss Aseneth to do me the honor to accompany me to the ball, and include you in the invitation if you care to go," he replied calmly. It was a good thing

he had already asked Aseneth, for that unlucky way of Aunt Sarah's would have made him as contrary as a "man" or a mule. Rhoda, too, had heard the reply, for she was just entering the door at the other end of the long dining-room. She had a dish of hot gravy for the breakfast table, and perhaps that was the reason why her face was glowing and her eyes so full of something suspiciously like tears. At any rate, no one saw the deadly paleness that followed the flush, for she had hurried out to get some kindlings. My sweet little Rhoda! How it makes my heart ache to dwell on the suffering you went through that memorable Fourth. However, there was too much to be done for her to sit down and realize how very wretched she was. What a blessing work is to the unhappy! Without it, life would be unsupportable!

The time soon came to gather in the school-house, and the three girls started in good time. No prettier sight ever was seen to issue from the homely portals of that house, than those three girls. Lovina, beautiful with all the wealth of her deep blue eyes, perfect features and skin of pure, flawless, white, made delicious by the tinge of delicate pink brought by excitement, she was the fairest of the three. Rhoda's piquant face was as charming in its own way, and when anyone really loved her, she seemed even more pretty than her perfect sister. At least that was the somewhat sad conclusion of the young man who watched them all go out the gate, with a touch of the old miserable pain. The sunny eyes of little Rhoda wore a somewhat unusual expression to-day, but the hidden sorrow in them only served to make them sweeter and kinder than was their wont. Aseneth looked lovelier than she ever did in her whole life. Something had brought to her face an expression of happiness and personal delight that lent the one lacking element to make her really lovely. She was at least alive. A pulsating, throbbing, human being. Her unselfish disregard of her own happiness, and the constant serving of every one's interest but her own, had given her a pure chaste expression, but it was

if I could say so, a distant light shining in a far-away star. Now, she seemed warmer, fuller of the same emotions that agitate other girls, and with this, she seemed to be of the same earth as the other two, and the gain was an infinite one to Aseneth's attractiveness. I half believe Rhoda dimly sensed this fact, for she more than once turned to look squarely at the lively "unusual" Aseneth. They were all three dressed in white muslin dresses, made in a perfectly plain fashion, the deep hem at the bottom of the skirt being the only suggestion of ornament, unless the simple tiny lace ruffle at the neck and sleeves could be called ornamentation. Pink ribbons at throat and on the flowing hair, which had been coaxed into curls by Aunt Mary's deft fingers. With the cloudlike floating sashes of blue tulle from shoulder to waist, made up the simple but becoming costumes of these fair girls. At the end of the day, you will find Lovina as delicately robed as now, not a lock out of place, not a ribbon crushed. How she will manage it I am not prepared to say, but it will be so, for I have seen her do the same way times without number. Rhoda will be a flying mass of tumbled curls, face like a full-blown rose, sash torn, and ribbons untied; but even then she will be a most charming picture for those who look with partial eyes, for her confusion is that so recklessly praised by poets, the gay disorder of a romping Hebe. While strange as it may be, Aseneth will have neither the orderly primness of Lovina, nor the sweet confusion of Rhoda. Her curls will hang limp and her dress will be draggled, and a general air of forlorn disorder will make her greyish pale face and tumbled garments neither attractive nor even pitiful. At this moment however, the three looked their very best, and their merry chatter made the whole air vibrate with excitement.

They had but gone out when Aunt Mary appeared in the door.

"Girls," she called, "are you going off without Helen? You know she has been hurrying to get ready to go with you."

The three paused in some shame at their thoughtlessness, and Aseneth answered, "Tell Aunt Sarah we will take good care of her, and she won't need to worry about her at all." Then on they hurried, to the school-house where were more girls, and some young men, and many children ready to take their places in the march.

Our friends are soon joining in the general chattering confusion, and when the superintendent calls for them to take their places in the line, there is a general rush. "Lou," says Rhoda in a whisper to her sister, "walk with me, won't you?"

"Why of course, but you always want 'Seneth, so I told Jenny I would walk with her."

"I don't want to walk with her, to-day." Lovina fancies she detects a note of pettishness in her sister's words; but she knows how quickly Rhoda is offended, and thinks little of the matter.

With a good deal of shouting and changing and fluttering, the procession is formed and the march begins. The band is at the head with its perfect time and delightful music. Next are the civil officers, then the carriage garnished with a handsome flag with the Governor and the Secretary; these are followed by groups of young ladies representing the states and territories, each division with appropriate banners. Now comes the sensation of the day, a huge car in which the tallest and handsomest young woman in the county stands in the classic robes of the Goddess of Liberty. The car is decorated with the stars and stripes in profusion and is drawn by four white prancing horses. Then, the brass band follows, ringing out the brazen music alternately with the martial band. Now follows the trades represented by a man seated on a platform and at work on his trade. Various other organizations are represented in various ways, and finally the Sabbath Schools in their proper order, with floating banners and flags, bring up the rear of the long procession. In their own proper ward division, our three friends had their places as Sunday School

pupils. Lovina and Rhoda marched together, carrying a silken banner between them. Just behind, came Aseneth and Jenny Fairbanks.

As they reached the theatre corner they passed their own folks who had taken their stand at that place. Willard stood nearest the procession, and as they met, Lovina gave him a smile and nodded gaily to the rest of the family. Rhoda was apparently too busily engaged in turning the banner around to see any of the folks. But the one watcher who noted her every expression, saw there was a very haughty, bored look on the piquant face. Then his eye caught that of Aseneth, who smiled in her gentle, quiet way, and as he met her eyes he noticed it seemed to him for the first time, those eyes were very sweet, very attractive. No thrill accompanied that observation, but he was made sensible of the fact.

The hot July sun had little mercy for anybody, and great was the joy of all, when the turn was made, and the whole line poured into the Temple gate, and were at last seated in the cool leafy bowery. The exercises that followed, who does not know them? The reading of the Declaration of Independence, the singing of the Star Spangled Banner, the choruses by the choir, the addresses by different societies, the speeches inciting all to loyalty by the leading brethern, and finally the reading of toasts. All interspersed by patriotic music, by martial and brass bands, and ever and anon, the booming of a cannon to mark the various divisions of the programme.

The services were all over about three o'clock, and the people hurried home to eat and rest preparatory to the grand ball to be held in the evening. The three girls returned in just the condition I predicted they would. But when they had changed their dresses for clean print ones, they were once more good to look upon.

After dinner, all separated to take a couple of hours' rest, and Rhoda begged Lovina not to ask Aseneth to stay with them any longer. Lovina complied with the request, and so it

happened that the two girls were alone in their own room.

"Say, Rhoda, what on earth ails you? I don't know when I saw you look and act as you have done lately," said Lovina, as they were disrobing.

"Oh Lou, I am the miserablest wretch that ever lived." And the poor child threw herself on the bed with a perfect passion of sobs.

"Well, what is the matter?" asked Lou, in amazement.

"I just hate that mean Aseneth Lang. I hate her; I wish I was dead!"

"What's 'Seneth been doing to you?"

"I just believe she is another Aunt Sarah with her smooth tongue and her mock-martyr airs. She makes me sick every time I look at her."

"How long have you felt this way, Rhoda?" asked her sister, who knew and loved the impetuous child beside her too well to more than wonder at this outburst.

"All day long." And another storm of sobs shook the very bed.

"Well say, Rhoda, you know I can't tell what to say to you until I know what ails you; so sit up and tell me."

"Oh it's nothing," sitting up with a poor little attempt at pride, "I suppose I am a fool, and that's the truth of the whole matter. Don't say anything about my stupid actions, will you? Don't tell mother, it worries her so. You lay down and have your sleep; I can't sleep, so I am going down to press out my dress. I will do yours too, if you like."

Lovina accepted the generous offer, and turning over to sleep, she resolved to keep a little closer watch on Rhoda, and find out what really ailed her.

As Rhoda passed through the upper hall, she was obliged to pass the door of the boys' room; the door was open to catch any faint breath of air that might be passing, and as she looked in she saw Willard on his low single bed in his shirt sleeves, asleep; his head raised on the pillow, his arm thrown over his black curly head and the brilliant red lips gleaming under the dark moustache. She

stood for one brief second, and the passionate heart sent to her lips one moan of the deepest agony. She would have given her very life to have dared to go in that room and lay her own bright head on that manly breast just where her tresses would meet his lips, and there sob out the love and woe that seemed to be consuming her. The sound of her low moan seemed to have disturbed his sleep, and with a restless movement, he threw up both his arms with a murmured name that she could not catch. But the possibility of his awakening and finding her there sent her flying down the stairs, and she ran on down to the orchard to cool her flushed face and bathe her hands and short curly hair in the running brook:

Her early training stood her in good stead now, for jumping up into her seat in the crook of the apple tree, she laid her head down on her hands and bowed her heart in a simple, earnest prayer. Poor, sweet, passionate Rhoda, thy discipline was very hard to endure, but God knew what was best. In a few minutes, the calm that prayer brought to her soul, the sultry quiet of the air, and the drowsy hum of all nature about her soothed her to rest, and she fell asleep.

When she awoke she had barely time to iron out her finery, and Lovina had to do her own. Rhoda had very little desire to go to the ball, but even the prospect of dancing once with her heart's idol, was enough to make the evening eagerly longed for. Once at the Bowery where the ball was to be held, the music made her forget everything but her love for dancing. And with a comparatively light heart the maiden joined in the general enjoyment.

The evening was already far spent, before Willard presented himself for the regulation dance. Then Rhoda was reckless enough to grant his polite request with a gay abandon of manner that puzzled her partner. As they made their way through the crowded floor, she clung to his arm, and pressed close to his side, giving full rein to the delight she felt at being so near him, and chattered with heed-

less volubility. He was puzzled and almost suspicious. Why did this girl treat him so strangely? Did she wish to play fast and loose with the deepest feelings of his heart?

Backward and forward, across and around, they danced in the old-fashioned quadrille, and all too soon it came to an end, and they turned to find their seats. As she leaned close to his ear, in their walk across the room she whispered, with a quick little catch in her breath,

"Oh Will, I wish that dance might last forever!"

"Do you?" he answers quietly. "What a dancer you are, Miss Rhoda." Then for a brief moment, their two eyes met, and he read the pain in hers to be the distress of a wicked creature when it sees its victim slipping from its grasp, and she read the half contemptuous pity in his eyes aright, but guessed nothing of its real cause. So the dance was ended for those two, and the evening was soon over for all.

Willard could not sleep much that night, for he was full of thought, and afterwards, just at daybreak, he lost consciousness in the midst of a prayer to God to give him some testimony as to whether he should try and gain the consent of Aseneth Lang to be his wife. He had no idea, of course, as to whether he should succeed if he were to try, yet he felt anxious to know the mind of his Heavenly Father before he even sought the hand of the young woman; so, as he had before learned, he determined to seek a testimony from the source of light and truth, before committing himself in a single action. He felt he had been foolish once, now he would try to be wise and not have to undo what he did. All this was well, God had his heart in His hand and turned it whithersoever He would!

The eastern mail, that month was somewhat detained, and did not reach the city until the fifth of July. But knowing it was to be in on that day, Willard remained up in town until the evening waiting for it. He was rewarded for his trouble, for the post

master handed him a letter, directed in Oscar's handwriting, and four packages of papers. He hurried away to a quiet spot to read his letter.

"I send you the *Weeklies* that you may see just what a hell's pot has been set a-boiling here, by the firing of Fort Sumpter."

Then followed a description of the local disturbances that were opening in all directions; and of the family quarrels and bickerings that were making life a torture to every dweller in the doubtful states.

"I am almost afraid to visit Aunt Mary or mother. Mother especially is rabid in her southern proclivities. She has written me bushels of fiery letters filled with Spartan mother allusions, the northern barbarians, and swords and cannons. I am positively afraid to tell her how my sympathies run, for I believe she would renounce me and even denounce me. So like the white-livered poltroon that I am, I stay here scratching down figures in the ledger, when I ought to be out putting myself in trim to be something more than a burden to my country. I only wish you were here, you have no coward's blood in your hot veins, and if you were here, we would take our muskets, and together fling away everything but duty and honor and face the greybacks."

Just here Willard sighed, for his blood boiled to be there and take a part in the glorious contest for right, but he sighed, for his heart was with the southern soldiers, and he knew if there he and Oscar would be on opposite sides of the field. So he thanked his luck that he was engaged in something of more weight than the fight of two great powers for might. The letter went on:

"I heard a hint of some trouble between mother and Hortense; but I reckon it is all patched up, for they are to start for Europe on the next steamer. This action on the part of my ambitious mother means something. I wrote a long letter to Hortense, carefully avoiding any mention of your name lest it might anger her again; but so far, she has not deigned me any reply. I did mention, however, something about the strange prophecy made by your Mr. Smith, in relation to the Civil War. It struck me and I really thought it would interest her. Say, that was a singular thing. Tell me something more about this odd man, and send on some more of that quaint little weekly, the *Deseret News*. I was interested in reading it, and gathered some ideas about the wild country you are subduing."

Willard went immediately to get some books to send to his friend. His heart beat high with hope, that his efforts to quietly

preach the gospel to his beloved friend, might soon bear some precious results. The purchase of several of the Church works, and a whole bundle of papers, made a heavy inroad, on his slender purse, but he gave it with such a joyful heart that it could in no wise be termed a sacrifice. The whole package was carefully wrapped and directed, and then he turned cheerfully homeward to read his bundle of papers. The knowledge that his wife was even now across the sea, was not very pleasant, but he had so far trained himself, that he could commit her to the hands of God, and there let the matter rest. He should be more diligent in his prayers for her safety and the welfare of his lovely boy, with an added wish that she might not be involved in any of the ambitious, unscrupulous designs of her aunt, Oscar's mother.

The long ride down to the farm that evening after dark, with Aseneth beside him, was far from unpleasant. The moon was a brilliant lamp for their guidance, and as he was full of news he had received from the east, he poured out to his companion, descriptions of their old home, and the condition of things that must now necessarily prevail. She was a delightful listener, full of subtle suggestions of sympathy and close interest. She seemed to know instinctively just what to ask and how to put in those little interjectionary interludes that keep a one-sided conversation from being tiresome and dull. Even his wife crept into the talk, in some unexplained way, but so gentle was the interest manifested by the girl, that before he realized how freely he was talking, he spread open one whole page of his heart for this sweet sympathy so quietly offered him. Aseneth was a girl of few words, but no one knew it; she had so apt a way of making her companion do the talking about the very subject nearest his heart, that he was only conscious afterwards of a glow of pleasure at the pleasant time spent, and people generally ended by calling Aseneth a very satisfactory companion.

Willard lay down that night, pleased with the impression made upon him by Aseneth,

and mingled with that reflection, was a vague hope that she would be as pleasant to him always even to the granting of nearer and dearer rights. You are not to think that my friend was of a fickle or an inconstant nature; far from it, for the loves he once took into his heart, never entirely left him. But he was just like all other healthy mortals, he could not very well go on loving a shadow, and being but a man, he could not content himself with either memories or hopes. He wanted some love and some ties of his own. God made him so, and I am not ashamed to acknowledge it. It is only in unhealthy novels that the youth goes off and becomes a misanthrope for the girl who treats him before marriage as he doubtless would after marriage have treated her. To be sure, it does happen, once in a lifetime, that we hear of some weak, unbalanced man or woman, doing some rash deed because of the temporary insanity of love; but in every-day life, men mourn for a time, and even if they carry the scar to their dying day, they still have good digestion, acquire the power to eat and sleep as of yore and in time find another object to tie their affections to, and go on, becoming good citizens and sober industrious members of society. So, let the world wag on in its usual way, now patting us on the back, anon thumping us on the head. Well for you and me, if we can always sense the fact, that after all, the one that gives pats and thumps is guided by an unseen hand, and each is for a wise purpose in God.

Homespun.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

NEVER do anything that can denote an angry mind; for, although everybody is born with a certain degree of passion, and, from untoward circumstances, will sometimes feel its operation and be what they call "out of humor," yet a sensible man or woman will never allow it to be discovered. Check and restrain it; never make any determination until you find it has entirely subsided; and always avoid saying anything you may wish unsaid.

HAVE YOU PASSED THE CRISIS?

VERY seldom indeed is it that men are successful in business enterprises without having met what may be called a crisis. Sometimes more than one of these ordeals are presented, and it is on such occasions that men show what they really are. The weak often fail, but the determined and energetic usually gather strength from the trial. Listen to what a now wealthy manufacturer says of such an event which he once encountered :

"I was thirty-two years old. I then only had the one mill. After a short interval of profitable business I suddenly awoke one morning to confront the loss of half my market for the goods. During the next three months I scarcely slept. I knew no rest from constant worry with difficulties. One evening, as I was returning home, jaded, almost hating the very office I had left behind, and with no zest for the dear home which I was approaching, I felt a hand on my shoulder. Looking around, wearily, I saw the benevolent face of our village pastor—a venerable man. He immediately broke the silence by saying:—'Did you ever solve a rebus or a puzzle?' I smiled, and replied that I had when a boy. 'What was there interesting in such efforts?' 'Why, the fun of doing the thing. There was a queer kind of pleasure in overcoming the puzzle.' 'That's what you must see in your business,' he gravely remarked. 'You must learn to enjoy the obstacles and relish the struggle more than the victory, or you will not live out half your days.'

"With that word the revered man turned on his heel and left me. That was the turning point in my career. I saw it all in a flash of light. I must learn to enjoy the contest with obstacles. I must find my satisfaction, not in my achieved success, but in my battle with the difficulties on the way. It was astonishing how this aspect of my extremely vexatious affairs restored me. It has been my constant thought ever since, and enabled me to endure. Eighteen months later I laid the foundation for the large mill."

"'And got into more difficulties, if I remember?' remarked his partner, who was sitting opposite. 'In fact, you have never been doing anything else except solve riddles,' now turning to me. 'If there ever was a man who was at his best when in a dangerous place Fred. is the man. In fact, difficulties

are his business. You would hardly believe it, but the difficulties of our affairs are about the only things in which he takes any interest now-a-days. He draws his dividends with indifference. He hears of any good luck with scant congratulations. But tell him of a hard nut to crack and he is all alive from head to foot and will spend half the night at it. What some men find in chess, or breaking in a refractory, blooded colt, the head of our house—I say to his face—seems to find in our problems.'

"'This is the philosophy of life,' the first speaker resumed, 'to teach boys. It is not the end of life, but the living: not the success, but the succeeding; not the thing done, but the keen relish of doing a thing and the conscious strength of grappling and not being overcome that gives a man enduring and fresh satisfaction.'

The fact is, young people, life would be unendurable to a man of spirit were it not for the spice of danger, contest and ceaseless exertion. No man can afford to belittle his powers by getting into an "easy place," "a soft snap" or a "feathered nest," and for the reason that such a situation in this world is only temporary at best. But while it lasts it enervates. A youth forgets his weapons, his muscles grow flabby. Then, when the fight comes, as it will, he "hates a fight," is easily tempted to compromise, to the loss of his best interests, and is permanently disabled in the race. He will find that the world will accommodate him; it will lay him on the shelf and keep him there.

After all, it is easy to acquire a relish for an active life. One has only to pitch in and resolve to enjoy it. One has to keep a tender conscience and a thick skin. One needs to watch his health and learn how to study his problem in its smallest details, for it is attention to the small things that wins. One does well to remember how he conducted his boyish struggles of the schoolyard. Watch the little children. They are always in struggle, more or less. It is life to struggle. Stagnation is death.

Then fight fairly. Observe the rules of honor. In that case there can be no ugly dreams to disturb your sleep in later years.

Bear no man malice. Accept none but manly chances. Be always ready to help the person who is down. If business is business remember that manly sympathy is holier tar. Do not get a name for meanness. Keep a clear tongue. Conquer by being the abler man, and treat your contestant so that you never need be ashamed to look him in the eye, and so that he will never hesitate to take your outstretched hand.

Then hail the fight! Cowards and the lazy to the rear! A fair field, and may the best man win. When one battle is fought accept the next gage with all the cheer of knight errantry of old. Life is what you make it. A battle with trials it always must be, but God is on the side of the true. *C. A.*

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE Apostle Paul, writing to the Hebrews, uses this language:

"And took joyfully the spoiling of your goods, knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance.

From this language it appears that the saints to whom the Apostle wrote had been stripped by violence or force of their property; for when a man is "spoiled" of his goods, it is by some form of plunder or robbery.

This passage of scripture occurred to me upon hearing of the decision of the United States Supreme Court on the confiscation suit. By this decision we, as a people, are "spoiled" of our goods. Property that we have earned by honest toil, and that we have paid into our Church for charitable and other lawful purposes, in obedience to a command of God, we are despoiled of. No matter how cunningly and sophistically the act of spoliation may be glossed over or covered up by legal phrases, or be justified by wicked and unjust precedents, this decision is nothing but an act of robbery. It does, under the guise of law and with the sanction of courts, that which mobs did to us in former years by open violence and the force of superior numbers.

We were no more powerless to resist the action of mobs in driving us from our homes and taking possession of our property than we are to-day in presence of the decision of the supreme tribunal of the Republic that the Government has the right to confiscate our property and do with it as it pleases. Congress enacted the law which proposed to seize and strip us of that which belongs to us, and the courts by their decision justify the action and say that Congress has this right.

For the credit of the Republic, and for the credit of human nature, there were three justices of the Supreme Court who dissented vigorously and protested against this infamous doctrine. Their names are: Chief Justice Fuller and Justices Field and Lamar. They should always be remembered with honor in connection with this case, and their names be preserved in the annals of the Latter-day Saints.

How wonderfully is this nation, through its representatives and other officials, fulfilling the predictions of Joseph Smith and giving evidence to the world that he was a divinely inspired Prophet and Seer! Half a century ago and upwards, Joseph had his vision of the future so enlarged that he was able to predict that the antagonism to the work of God, then confined to the narrow limits of counties and a state, would extend to a far broader area. It would not then be the authorities of a county or a state that would sanction and defend wrongs and outrages perpetrated against the Latter-day Saints, but it would be the authorities of the nation itself that would endeavor to strike down and destroy the work of God.

In my boyhood this was a familiar prediction. The form in which this antagonism would manifest itself was not given in detail; but we have seen its growth and gradual development until it has reached its present proportions. There has been one very noticeable feature connected with all this—there has been an exact proportion maintained between the opposition in its attacks and the strength of the people to resist. The

Almighty has not permitted the assaults upon His people and work to exceed in fierceness and violence the capacity of His people to bear up against them. In other words, He has given His people strength according to their day.

When the warfare against us was confined to a state the plundering of the people was accomplished by open acts of violence. Mobs were organized and defiantly trampled upon law and order to reach the ends they had in view. They burned property which they could not steal; ravished women whom they could not seduce; murdered men whom they could not intimidate; and drove away from their homes and possessions all whom they could not induce to desert their religion and friends. All these things were done in flagrant defiance of law, and yet, though these acts were notorious and known to officers of every class in the Republic, and those who committed them were, in the most of instances, known by name, not one of these criminals was ever tried and punished. It was well understood between the mobbers and the officers of the law that there was to be no protection of the law and its agencies for "Mormons;" they could be outraged with impunity.

In these days the method of reaching us is somewhat changed; but it is the same old spirit of antipathy that operates and the same ends that are sought to be attained. We are robbed and denied rights to-day as in former times. Practically we have no standing in the courts. We cannot get impartial treatment. Our cause is prejudged before it is heard. No matter how impregnable our cases may be, or how ably defended, favorable decisions are very rare. If we were not the parties interested in this case so recently decided and which confiscates our property, the whole legal fraternity would be shocked at the decision. But men have become familiarized with this treatment of the Latter-day Saints. As in former days the acts of mobs passed unrebuked and unpunished, so in these days, the seizing of three-quarters of a million of prop-

erty by the government scarcely excites a passing comment.

If we are in the same condition of mind as the Saints to whom Paul wrote, and *can take joyfully the spoiling of our goods*, then happy are we. *The Editor.*

THE TRULY GREAT ARE MODEST.

IT HAS been said that the first thing a person seeking knowledge should learn is that he is ignorant. In fact the feeling of insufficiency must be ever present with that one who desires to continually ascend the ladder of learning, for when once the feeling of conceit or the thought that "all is learned," enters the heart, progression is greatly impeded if not entirely checked. It is natural for people to desire to make a good impression on those with whom they mingle, and yet it often happens that a course is taken which has the very opposite effect. True modesty in regard to one's person or acquirements is always pleasing to associates, while one who aims to exhibit himself or his learning, generally discovers that the opinion of others falls far below that which he has entertained of himself.

It is no disgrace to be ignorant where opportunities have not been neglected. Indeed one must be satisfied to be ignorant of many things in order to be proficient in one. The man is not created who in the brief period of mortal life can gain more than a mere trifle of the knowledge which exists. Therefore when young people are confronted with matters which they do not understand, they should have the good sense to confess their ignorance, and then seek information concerning the unknown questions.

The celebrated Aboo Yusuph, who was chief cadí or judge of Bagdad, in the reign of the Caliph Hadee, was a very remarkable instance of that humility which distinguishes true wisdom. His sense of his own deficiencies often led him to entertain doubts, where

men of less knowledge and more presumption were decided.

It is related of this judge that, on one occasion, after a very patient investigation of facts, he declared that his knowledge was not competent to decide upon the case before him.

"Pray, do you expect," said a pert courtier, who heard this declaration, "that the caliph is to pay your ignorance?"

"I do not," was the mild reply. "The caliph pays me, and well, for what I do know. If he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice." *Wenig.*

EBAUCHE MAIS VERITABLE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 333.]

CHAPTER XIII.

RETURNING to Kirtland, Elydor found that for the time being his services were again required there at the head-quarters of the Church. Although his parents, John and Ruth Vere, had come with their other children up to the land of Zion and made a home there, yet it proved convenient and desirable for Elydor to make his home at that time with the family of the Prophet, a privilege which he did not fail to appreciate.

He aided as clerk in some important matters pertaining to the Church, also attended the class in Hebrew which had been established under the direction of President Smith and assisted as book-keeper in the Church store. An amusing little instance occurred while he was in the store one day, which serves to illustrate how readily he acquired knowledge and with what ease he could disseminate the same.

A Jew entered the store and asked in broken English something concerning the business transactions of the firm. Elydor promptly answered in Hebrew. Surprised and pleased, the Jew immediately began a conversation in his native tongue, which was briskly and un-

hesitatingly entered into by Elydor and lasted for some moments.

"You see," said one of the brethren present, addressing the Jew, "that our people believe in education, and our young people have the ability to acquire it. This young man has been studying Hebrew but a short time."

"Yeez, yeez," the Jew acquiesced, "I can see dat; but I can also see dat dish young zhentleman vash himself Hebrew."

Elydor joined heartily in the laugh that followed; for his ancestors were from England and Scotland, and he could, probably, as well have traced his genealogy to the Greeks or Persians as to the Jews.

Time passed, and on the 22nd of December, 1834, Elydor was twenty years old.

He had trusted all to the over-ruling providences of God, and as the way seemed clear and all things propitious for him to go again to New York for a season, he went forth with a glad heart, still an ambassador in the cause of truth, teaching its divine principles wherever and whenever an opportunity could be found, intending to visit his relatives, teach a school for six or eight months in their neighborhood, then claim his bride and according to previous agreement, take her to Kirtland with him, there to make a home.

These calculations all terminated favorably, and on the 29th day of August, 1835, Elydor Vere and Ivie Kane entered into the marriage covenant, as fully as it was then understood by them.

It was a very quiet wedding, but a very happy one. Having corresponded regularly and freely (letter postage having been reduced) during the time of their separation after their engagement took place, they had become so well acquainted and so devoted to each other that both rejoiced when the morning for their bridal dawned, as all people should do when taking upon themselves such holy, sacred vows.

"Don't you wish you had a more elegant dress to be married in, Ivie?" asked Abbie, as she aided her sister in arranging the neat

blue muslin she was to wear for this greatest of all occasions.

"No, sister," Ivie replied very meekly; "my clothes are as good and as suitable as Elydor's are, and what is good enough for him is good enough for me."

"It doesn't matter what he wears," returned Abbie, "he is the best and wisest and noblest man I have ever known! Oh, Ivie! you do not love him as well as I do, I really believe!"

Somewhat surprised at this candid confession, Ivie took her younger sister in her arms and with many warm kisses tried to explain to her the beauty and satisfaction there is in pure, calm love which is inspired of heaven, so far above that earthly fascination which is so often mistaken for the genuine article, love, and which usually terminates sorrowfully either before or after wedlock.

"It is a great blessing," she said, "to the woman who is prevented from throwing herself away upon a man who is all unworthy of her, yet who, to her blind, wild fancy, seems the nearest perfect of any one on earth, although at times it may seem very hard to be reconciled to it. It is too exciting, too all-absorbing, that fascination of which I speak, to secure to its adherents permanent happiness. It consumes too rapidly the heart and life upon which it feeds. Thank God, I have been rescued from its toils; and may you, dear Abbie, be fortunate enough to never become deeply entangled in them. I love Elydor as much as any woman should love any man. We must not allow ourselves to love any mortal more than God. I earnestly wish for you, my sister, that before very long you may love and be loved by one who will prove as true and kind a husband to you as I feel assured our cousin Elydor will be to me."

Abbie returned all her sister's tender caresses and loving wishes, and she felt like saying, "No other man will ever be as good as Elydor; his is the bravest, truest heart in all the world; I shall never love another as I love him!" But she restrained herself now, fearing lest she should cause her sister to feel

disturbed on this "the day of days" for her.

How all unconscious were those two, pure, young hearts of what time and God's goodness would bring forth for them! How, in years to come, they should both love, unmolested, and rejoice in the love of that righteous man who seemed to both, that day, so grandly perfect.

But, although no thought of anything of the kind entered Abbie's innocent mind, she was too unselfish not to be glad and joyous, at that time, over her sister's good fortune; that sister who had suffered so greatly, and had so heroically overcome.

The morning had dawned, clear and bright; but at noon, some heavy rain-clouds gathered over head, and as if impatient to throw their weight of moisture upon the earth and disperse, they showered down rain in torrents for a short time.

"I do not see why it should rain today," said Ivie, as together she and her affianced watched the progress of the shower from the front window.

"Perhaps to remind us, even now," said Elydor, philosophically, "that this life is not all made up of sunshine and pleasure; but that storms will sometimes arise, and sorrows overtake us." But see, dear, the clouds have already spent their force, and are scattered and drifting away; here comes the sunshine again, brighter than ever."

"Let us hope and believe," added Ivie, cheerily, as both her hands nestled confidently in those of her lover, "these sudden changes in the weather are to indicate that our troubles will never be of long duration; and that when we have past through trials, however fierce they may seem, our lives will be the brighter and happier for their atmospheres having been cleared and freshened by a flood, perhaps of grief."

At four o'clock, their relatives, and a few special friends, had assembled at the home of the bride to witness the marriage ceremony which took place that hour, a Methodist minister officiating.

After the plighting of the nuptial vows, as the bride and bridegroom were receiving the congratulations and blessings of their friends, their cousin Carrie, who has before been mentioned, drew Ivie aside to confide to her a little secret. She was soon to be married to a widower, well known to them both, who was old, and, to Ivie's mind, disageable, "but rich."

Ivie was surprised and also pained at this intelligence. Instead of congratulating, she would have remonstrated.

"Oh! Carrie," she exclaimed, "would you, could you marry that old man?"

"Uh!" said Carrie, indignantly, "I loved Elydor once, and wanted him, but you outshone me, and I do not envy you now. I would rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave!"

"I would rather be a young man's darling," said Ivie, laughing off the rather unpleasant affair, and turning to speak with others who crowded around her.

Daniel Kane seized an opportunity for cautioning his newly-made son-in-law, as they watched the fragile form of the bride, flitting among the guests, and noticed the unusual deepening rose-tint on her cheeks, and the brilliancy of her smiling blue eyes.

"You must be very careful of her, Elydor, *very*; she is such a frail, delicate little thing, I have no idea you will keep her a year."

"Oh! yes I shall, father!" replied Elydor, inwardly rebuking the old man's unbelief, or lack of faith. "She and I will spend a long and happy life together. The journey to Kirtland will do her a great deal of good."

"Talking of your journey and of Kirtland already," said Mrs. Kane, as she joined her husband and Elydor, "I think you must put it off a while yet; how can I let you take my Ivie away?"

"I was just telling uncle, or father, I must say after this—" and Elydor smiled affectionately upon his new parents—"that the journey will be a great benefit to Ivie's health." The journey was postponed, however, a few weeks,

principally in consideration of Mrs. Kane's feelings.

CHAPTER XIV.

To dwell upon sad events, only as lessons may be gained from them, is not profitable. Therefore, it is unnecessary to attempt a description of the parting of Ivie with her parents and sisters.

Elydor was again right in his calculations; the journey from New York to Kirtland, Ohio, partly by land and partly by steamboat, did prove very beneficial to Ivie's health.

The first night they spent on the steamboat, however, was one of terrible seasickness and homesickness, mingled, to her.

Some Irish emigrants who were on board, were very sweet singers, and their rendering of "Home sweet home," made her feel, that dearly as she had loved her childhood's home, its inmates and surroundings, she had never duly appreciated them until now, when she was, for the first time, far separated from them. The tender devotion of her young husband, and the thought that she was going in accordance with the will of the Lord, unto the place appointed for the gathering of His people, she felt, was all that sustained her. After that night, she grew daily stronger, and more hopeful.

When they resumed their traveling with horseteam and wagon, a circumstance occurred which is worthy of note, as exhibiting the greatest difference, perhaps, which existed between the characters of those two young people who were starting life's journey together. Something had gotten out of place with the wagon bows and cover, so that the cover could not be easily tied down at the back, without looking twisted and out of shape.

"It will *not* do like that," affirmed Ivie, when Elydor, after considerable trouble, thought he had arranged it so it *would* do.

"Yes, I think it will, it is quite secure now," he answered.

"But see how it looks!" said Ivie, "it will be a 'laughing stock' for the boys everywhere we go."

"That does not amount to much," Elydor replied, smiling himself, "as long as we make no one cry, their laughing will not hurt us."

"It will hurt me," Ivie remonstrated, "I'd be ashamed to let any one see me under such a looking cover."

But Elydor felt that he had spent all the time over it he could afford, and went away on some errands, leaving his young wife feeling nettled and mortified, at his indifference over a matter which seemed to her of great importance. When her husband was out of sight, Ivie called a boy to her assistance, and with some difficulty succeeded in righting up the cover so that it looked neat and orderly.

She wondered what he would say about it, on his return, but her wondering was in vain, he said nothing. He might, reasonably, have congratulated her on being successful where he had failed; it would have been but kind had he spoken a few words in her praise of womanly skill and good taste, and acknowledged a gratified feeling at the respectable appearance which their wagon then presented.

He did neither; but do not censure him too severely, young wife or young husband, especially if you have not yet completed your honey-moon. There are older men than was Elydor at that time, who even now, with all the added light which this grand era of the world affords, often fail to show a just appreciation of the abilities manifested by their wives. The young couple felt a little piqued at each other that day, but were too wise to cherish disagreeable feelings, and the affair of the wagon cover was dropped by both simultaneously and never brought up again.

If ever a mother felt blest and happy, it was Mrs. Ruth Vere when she welcomed to her humble Kirtland home, her eldest and dearest son and his fair young bride.

Ivie was not only the wife of her favorite son, but the daughter of her favorite sister as well; and if the young bride had left her

father and mother for the sake of the gospel and her husband, if she were not yet rewarded an hundred fold, she felt that her husband's parents came as near to filling the place of her own as it is possible for one person to fill the place of another.

His father approached even nearer her ideal of a perfect man, a real servant of God, than did her own. For John Vere had accepted the gospel in its fullness, as far as it had been taught to him; while to Daniel Kane, the necessity for leaving a comfortable home, and going forth with the Prophet and people of God, to suffer and sacrifice, even unto death, if so required, was by no means apparent. To Mrs. Kane and her daughters, Ivie and Abbie, this was a great grief. And Ivie felt blest that her husband and his father were among the more staunch and earnest workers for the kingdom God was establishing upon the earth in the latter days. Elydor's sisters, too, how kind, affectionate and gentle they were! Ivie soon loved them as she loved her own.

Elydor resumed his chosen occupation of teaching, and after a few months erected for himself and Ivie, a "home of their own."

True it was but a single log room, with rough lumber floor and ceiling; but still it was the beginning of a home, to which they hoped to add, as their needs might require, and circumstances permit.

Ivie took great pains and much pleasure in arranging their few household possessions in the best and most tasteful manner, that everything might be handy, and also to give their little room as home-like and comfortable an appearance as possible. And when Elydor had a few moments to spare from his school and his garden, (for he was a cultivator of the earth as well as of the youthful mind,) he was happy in helping his frugal little wife with her domestic plans.

For the two windows which the room contained she made neat curtains of coarse white material; and a cover and curtain of the same for their dry-goods-box and clothes cupboard.

On the wall, above this improvised bureau,

they pasted and tacked newspapers, and hung their mirror, and the few pictures they owned. Ivie also made some pretty cushions for pins and needles, a thread-case and comb-case, which were not only useful, but also aided as decorations.

A carpenter, whose children went to Elydor's school, made them a bedstead and table.

Ivie had learned to paint in oil colors; and to give variety, and relieve the sameness of the white drapery in the room, she painted a strawberry vine, with its green leaves, white blossoms and red berries, around her bed valance. She also painted a cover for the table, when not in use, with plates of grapes, peaches, plums and cherries, a water-melon and musk-melon.

These pieces of artistic work, elicited no end of praise from her husband and his sisters, the latter especially; and they were really well deserving of encomium.

Young people do not begin house-keeping in such style as is here described, now-a-days, yet there are few happier couples than were Elydor and Ivie in their new home.

"We must have a cupboard now, for the dishes and the victuals," Ivie said to her husband one afternoon.

"Well let's see," replied Elydor, "I think the box I have been using for a work-bench will answer for that purpose. I can bore holes in one of the logs, and put in some pegs to hold it up, and put some shelves in it. Where shall we have it, and how high will you want it?"

These questions decided upon, Elydor set to work with auger, saw and hammer to put up the dish-cupboard.

"What shall we do for a door to it?" Ivie asked.

"I'll get some pieces of leather for hinges, and fasten the lid to one side in that way, and put a nail and strap on the other side to hold it when closed," Elydor answered, and went on and finished his work accordingly.

"Oh! you've got one hinge longer than the other, see how it lets that corner of the

door drop down!" were Ivie's comments when the work was done.

"It's so little that it doesn't matter," Elydor replied, taking up his tools to put them away.

"But you're not going to leave it that way, are you?" said Ivie hastily: "I would not leave work of mine looking like that!"

"What difference does it make?" and Elydor turned away. "Some of the boys are coming back to the school-house this evening to go over the arithmetic lesson which they do not understand, and I must go and help them; I promised to do so."

Left to herself, Ivie felt like taking the cupboard door down and making the hinges of exactly equal length, so the door would hang level. But she had worked hard for the past few days, and realizing that she was not strong and that the board was heavy, she controlled her feelings and did not attempt the task. (Young wives, take note, and profit by this one's wise example.) The door was an "eye-sore" to her, though, whenever she looked at it; and she almost scolded her husband about it two or three times after that day.

Had she only thought of the better way—of petting and coaxing him—she might have accomplished her desires concerning the matter; but, remember, they were scarcely more than children, he barely twenty-one and she not yet twenty. Again, young wives, take note, and learn from the first the happy lesson of "stooping to conquer," which Ivie mastered later on.

To the home of the Prophet Joseph Smith his personal friends were often invited to spend an afternoon or an evening in pleasant and instructive conversation. Elydor and Ivie were sometimes among the favored recipients of those invitations.

Upon such an occasion they were there one evening listening to the words of inspiration as they dropped like pearls from the lips of the prophet of God. During the evening Joseph arose from his seat and walked across the floor, then, standing in the center of the

room, he addressed himself more particularly to the gentlemen present, who one after another, arose and formed a group about him.

They were talking of the sterling qualities of that other Joseph, from whom the latter-day Prophet was descended, that son of Jacob who was sold by his brethren into Egypt. President Smith said:

"But few men have ever lived upon this earth who would stand, unscathed, such a test as he did in the case of Potiphar's wife. Yet, brethren, there *is one* among us who would maintain his integrity, and prove himself as faithful to God, to virtue and to truth as Joseph did—and *this is the man!*" And the Prophet laid his large, warm, generous hand affectionately, almost reverentially, upon the shoulder of Elydor Vere.

The ladies were conversing among themselves, but not so intently but that one at least heard those words of the Prophet. Was not Ivie a happy woman then? How cheerily she talked and how pleasantly she listened for the rest of the evening! How confidently and lovingly she placed her hand in Elydor's arm when it was time to retire and the good-nights were being said! How interesting their conversation was as they walked home together! Ivie felt that she would never find fault with her husband again, or notice that he had any faults or weaknesses, if she could help it. What if he did put wagon covers on askew and make ungainly furniture? He did not profess to be a workman at such things. Some time they would be able to buy better furniture, she hoped; but if not, what of it? What true woman in any age of the world would ever have exchanged one like Aseneth's husband for even a Bezaleel or an Aholiab?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BE PLAIN OF SPEECH.

THERE is so much public speaking done among the Saints that it is no more than natural for young people to desire skill in this direction. Too often, however, they pursue a most injurious course in their efforts to become orators. The first essential to success in this direction is the influence of the Holy Spirit, without which no person in the Church can be powerful in word or deed. Another very important factor to success is a careful study and reflection upon the written word of God. With these two essentials anyone is capable of interesting and instructing a great or a lowly congregation; without them the most gifted Elder would be a failure.

Among the minor matters which should receive attention of public speakers is that of simplicity of expression. The most beautiful thoughts are sometimes so enveloped in high-sounding words as to be unintelligible to ordinary people. The greatest orators have made a practice of using plain language, and their influence over their hearers has been won through their adapting themselves to the capacities of their hearers.

Dr. Parr, the celebrated scholar, was once preaching in the country parish of another clergyman, and, as was his habit, used very learned language. The rector afterward said to him:—

"They could not understand you."

"Nonsense!" said Dr. Parr. "I am sure there was nothing in my sermon which they could not comprehend."

"Well," said the rector, "I will call one of them in and see if he understands the meaning of the word 'felicity.'"

So he called in a laboring man, and said:—

"John, can you tell me what is the meaning of 'felicity?'"

"Well, I don't know, sir," said John, "but I believe it is some part of the inside of a pig."

Let all our readers be advised not to fall into the error of Dr. Parr. C. A. H.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or another.


The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1890.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Blessings which Faith Brings.

OMPLAINTS are often made by religious people outside of Utah that many young people of this generation are growing up skeptical in religious matters. They are drifting away from traditions and views that were formerly believed in by their fathers. Many expressions of regret are indulged in because of this. The influence of men like Ingersoll upon the thoughts of many of the rising generation in the United States is very great, and, indeed, he and many like him have contributed largely to the growing unbelief of the day in religious matters. Such men can do a great amount of injury, and while they have good cause to find fault with many of the teachings and practices of religious ministers, they do not furnish anything better for the people to accept and to rely upon than the systems they tear down.

It is an easy thing for men to destroy that which has taken a great amount of toil to construct. A little boy can throw a stone and break a costly window which he could not in the first place make, nor repair after it was broken. The infidel can ridicule religion, can find fault with its teachings and show up its inconsistencies, but after doing all this what has he to offer in its place? If the man who believes in God and who worships Him sincerely and in truth receives comfort therefrom, and feels a joy and has his burdens lifted and his sorrows made lighter through prayer, is he not better off from every point of view than the infidel who does not believe in divinity or that it is possible to receive divine assistance?

Every truly religious man, though he may not have all the truth, and though he may not have all the ordinances of the gospel, derives comfort from the thought that he is under the care of the great Creator of the universe, and that He is able to deliver him in his extremity and insure him happiness after he leaves this state of existence. The infidel derides this and calls it superstition and folly; but if it should prove that he is mistaken, as he will undoubtedly find out, will it not be a dreadful condition in which he will find himself? On the contrary, should the infidel be correct, what has the religious man lost by not believing as he does? He has had the comfort, and peace, and satisfaction, which belief in God always brings and which the infidel has missed, and if, as the infidel asserts, there is no hereafter, he is just as well off as the infidel.

This line of reasoning applies to all infidels, for there are many kinds of infidels.

There is a class which deny the existence of a Creator. They deny a future existence, and think that when death comes that is the end; when man is buried in the grave his existence terminates and he becomes like a clod of the earth.

There is another class who believe that there is a God, and that man has a spirit as well as a body. They believe that at the death of man his spirit is separated from his body and that it continues to live; but they do not believe that the body will ever be resurrected, or that the spirit and the body will ever be reunited. They are infidels so far that they do not believe in the resurrection of the body.

Then there are various classes of believers in the resurrection of the body, and the reuniting of the body and the spirit, but who are unbelievers in many other important principles which belong to the gospel. The great bulk of these religious unbelievers, as they may be called, teach the doctrine that if men and women will only believe in Jesus Christ, they will be saved. They oppose the Latter-day Saints because we say that belief in Jesus

is not alone sufficient to bring full salvation, but that other ordinances are necessary. They say that men's sins will be forgiven them if they only believe.

We teach that not only must men believe and repent, but they must be baptized for the remission of their sins by one having authority; and to be a full member of the Church of Christ they must be confirmed and receive the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands by one or more who have received the authority to do this from the Lord.

Now, if believing in Jesus or repenting of sins will save people, then the Latter-day Saints will be saved. In this respect they are in as good a condition as any Methodist or Presbyterian or member of any other sect who has this belief. But if more than this is required, then they are in a far better condition than the members of any other church.

If it was necessary in the days of the Savior and His apostles for men and women to believe in Jesus, to repent of their sins, to be baptized for the remission of them and to have hands laid upon them for the reception of the Holy Ghost, it certainly would appear that all this is necessary to salvation now in our day. If it took obedience to all these ordinances then to please God and to secure salvation, why should it not take the same now?

We are taught in the scriptures that God does not change, but that He is the same yesterday, today and forever.

Now, Latter-day Saints believe and solemnly testify that it is necessary to salvation that all these ordinances—the ordinances taught and practiced by the Savior and His disciples—should be obeyed, and they have obeyed them. Are they not better off than all the rest of the world who do not obey them?

Even if these things are unnecessary, as some religious infidels say, there can be no harm in doing what the Savior's apostles did; and if belief in Jesus alone will save, we are as well off as they are, but infinitely better off if more than this is required.

Infidelity, therefore, possesses no advantages, in whole or in part, over faith or belief. While it is true that the Latter-day Saints are persecuted, they are, nevertheless, as happy a people as any other people in the world; in fact, we believe they are more happy. So that infidels of all degrees are no better off than we are. We have the advantage in every direction.

But bringing this line of thought home to our young people, let everyone ask himself or herself what is gained by unbelief, or what is lost by having faith?

Look at the men or women who have faith! Are they not happy? Are they not contented? Do they not rejoice? Have they not the grace and strength necessary to enable them to bear afflictions patiently and without murmuring?

This certainly is the case with every faithful man and woman. In what respect are those who do not believe in our doctrines better off than these are? Do they have more true enjoyment, or more peace, or more confidence or serenity of mind? Do they bear sorrow any better? Do they meet death with more confidence or with more resignation? They certainly do not. What advantage, then, is it to them to be unbelievers?

If we ask the question concerning Latter-day Saints, what advantage have they? We reply, every advantage; for they are safe in any event. They have done all that is required at their hands, and if any of it should be unnecessary, as their enemies say some things are, obedience to these ordinances will not bring condemnation. But we know and testify that every ordinance taught and practiced by the Latter-day Saints is necessary to man's salvation and exaltation.

HE THAT will not repent brings himself to ruin. Nor is he truly penitent that is not progressive in the motion of aspiring goodness. A man should well be aware of the step which he has already stumbled on.

THE DRAMA OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 324.)

WE ARE now carried back to those elder lands in which were enacted some of the most important scenes of the world's early history, to see the curtain rise upon the greatest scene which has transpired in the course of the world's drama. Many changes have

upon the face of the earth, keeping but a faint trace of the knowledge carried by their forefathers at the time of the scattering from Babel, fall into false forms of belief, and we see at length the whole world given to idolatry. Ignorance and superstition prevail, and the degraded worship of beasts and images usurps the place of the holy religion of God.

Though lost to the true knowledge, there exists in the souls of men a vague conscious-



CONQUERORS OF JERUSALEM.

taken place since the chosen people of God passed through the eventful scenes which marked their early history, when they were guided by the Spirit of the Almighty. Great nations have risen to whom the simple faith of those who walked and talked with God is unknown. Living without the inspiration of knowledge gained by the Israelites from God's own teaching, the various peoples spread abroad

ness of a supreme power, and with some, this feeling finds expression in the worship of the forces of nature. Sun, moon, and stars are deified, and the elements, supposed to be endowed with attributes of supernatural power, are so worshiped. Others whose souls seek for a more material expression of the idea of a supernatural power, and who have imbibed an obscure idea of the doctrine of immortality,

give themselves to the worship of a host of gods whom they believe to inhabit the heavens—heroes upon earth at some former time, whose deeds have won for them a title to immortal glory and power. Others whom this worship of supernatural beings endowed with human attributes cannot satisfy, console themselves with a philosophy which provides for the worship of abstract truths. Thus the whole world is a prey to ignorance and unbelief.

Now, however, we are to witness a scene whose influence is to work a mighty change in the religion of the peoples of the whole civilized world. Do you see this great city lying before us? It is Jerusalem, the city of the Israelites, which has been the scene of alternate triumph and misery during the progress of the history of the Jewish people. Falling into idolatry and sin, they became subject to the anger of the Almighty, and are rewarded with punishments in scenes of slavery and burning. As nation after nation rises to power, the city is given over to the mercy of new conquerors, and its people banished or sent into slavery. At length the armies of Rome invade Judea, and Jerusalem becomes subject to her power. Under the lenience of Pompey a Jewish dynasty is allowed to hold sway, but the city pays tribute to the conquerors.

Let us look upon the scene which greets us at the beginning of this great act in the world's drama. We see the people living their hum drum lives, occupied with their cares and joys, inspired with the same passions and actuated by the same motives which influence humanity through all time. People pass upon the streets or gather in knots at corners as in our own day, discussing affairs and rumors of the times. What strange news is this we hear from the lips of bystanders upon the streets! Among the many themes of gossip upon which they dwell we hear the rumor that a man has appeared among the people, who preaches the speedy fulfillment of the prophecies of scripture concerning the coming of Christ. "A man named John," we hear

them say, "the son of Zacharias journeys in the wilderness, preaching Christ, and baptizing men for the remission of sins." We hear their comments upon this strange news, as they reject with scorn or accept with joy the belief in his inspiration. There are some to whom the deliverance of Israel is a subject of constant prayer, and to whom the words of the scriptures are a blessed promise, who listen eagerly to these rumors for a sign of the coming of a King who shall redeem Israel. But many more there are who scoff at the tale told of the Baptist's mission, and receive the prophecy of Christ's coming with scorn. Some in their belief go forth to meet the preacher in the wilderness, and partake of the baptism in hope and joy.

At length there come tidings to Jerusalem that Christ is born, and in spite of the mocking occasioned by this report of the future King of Israel born in the stable at Bethlehem, yet a state of excitement prevails and the rulers of the city in selfish fear for their own power, bestir themselves to look into the rumors concerning this wonderful birth. At length a plot is formed to destroy the lowly babe, and that there shall be no chance for its failure, all the male infants of Bethlehem are doomed to be massacred. But vain indeed are the schemes devised by man to thwart the will of the Almighty. The guardians of the child Jesus are warned, and flee with Him to Egypt. There are passed the early years of the child, who receives knowledge and wisdom for the fulfillment of His divine mission on earth.

Now we see Him a mere youth returned to Jerusalem and teaching the judges and priests in the temples and synagogues. Who can doubt that a heavenly power inspires such wisdom, or why should the doubters return again and again to listen to His teachings? A strange deference truly is this they show to the humble youth, who comes fearlessly among them, speaking to them "as one having authority." It is a mighty power and a holy influence which strives with them to produce this wonder—well for them if they had re-

garded its solemn power. Anger and hatred are roused instead in their hearts, and finding themselves powerless to answer the words of this stranger whose wisdom confounds them, they become possessed of a desire to destroy Him.

We see the inspired teacher dwelling upon the earth and moving among men performing those sublime miracles which show His love and pity for suffering humanity; we hear His thrilling words of cheer as He gives the sublime principles of the gospel to the hopeless and despairing of the children of earth. Is it possible that this man whose nature displays all that is gentle and divine in life, and teaching a gospel of love and charity, can be the object of men's fiercest hate, and the marked victim of their fiendish designs? Harmless as He is, no just grounds can be found by which He may be made to pay the penalty of the hate He has awakened. But this does not deter the wicked ones whose hearts are intent upon His destruction. What a fearful burden of sorrow is laid upon Christ! Striving only for the welfare of men, He yet is doomed to see their hatred, and to perceive in their hearts the evil designs they cherish.

We now behold that touching scene at Gethsemane where Christ receives the blow sealed by the treachery of Judas. In the garden we see Christ walking with His disciples. A great sorrow is upon His soul and His heart is sore, for He knows that a final trial is to be brought for His endurance, and that the end is at hand. Bidding His disciples watch He withdraws to pray. Who can resist the tearful pathos of His prayer, uttered during His agony at the thought of the approaching trial—"Father, if it may be, let this cup pass—but thy will, not mine, be done!" The disciples sleep and the hour of betrayal draws near.

Do you hear that tumult? A vast mob is approaching—and at their head comes Judas, Christ's follower and friend. Wondering, the disciples stand in the garden awaiting their approach. Presently Judas steps forth from among his followers, and makes his way to the

spot where they stand. With downcast eyes, but with a bold step he approaches Jesus and touches the Savior's brow with his lips. It is an act of treachery—a sign which his followers recognize, for at his motion they advance and roughly lay hands upon the innocent Teacher. We see Him hurried away amid cries and threats to the court of justice to be imprisoned with thieves and murderers. Tried before the judges He asserts His innocence, and there are none to offer truthful evidence against Him. Still the people clamor for His life. He has been heard to call Himself King of the Jews, and for this they demand that He shall be sacrificed.

According to custom, upon this day, one prisoner must be released to the people, and Jesus' friends pray to Pilate the governor that His shall be the life that is spared. Pilate believes in His innocence, and advises that He shall be released. But to this the people will not listen. Barabbas the robber is released, and the fate of the gentle Teacher is sealed. We hear the taunts and cries of the throng as they drag Him from the temple and lead Him to the hill of Calvary. The cross is raised and the cruel nails pierce His flesh while the mob jeer Him with words of scorn. "Save thyself if thou be Christ," they cry, and His grief-stricken friends pray also that He shall deliver Himself from this torture. But a more glorious triumph is to reward His sufferings than that for which they pray.

Amidst the cruel ministrings of those about Him the Savior dies upon the cross. Then at last a great fear falls upon those who have wrought His death. A sudden darkness falls and the earth trembles as with a mighty convulsion. The body of Jesus is taken away and laid in the sepulchre.

But when Mary Magdalene, and His friends come to watch by the tomb, behold the stone is rolled away and the dead Jesus cannot be found. Then come rumors that He has been seen among the living. Strange forebodings and fears seize upon the multitude. Before the adoring disciples the Savior appears, and conversing affectionately with them,

gives them His final commands for the establishment of His kingdom, and then leaves them, foretelling a time when He shall come again in glory to reign forever upon earth.

We see His humble and devout disciples striving against the vain superstitions of the world, and meeting the persecution of those who revile the memory of Christ. We see them beaten and stoned, imprisoned and killed, for preaching the doctrines brought upon earth for the salvation of mankind. We see them in spite of all persecution remaining faithful to the trust of establishing Christ's

Greece, long given to idolatry, renounces her idols, and gods, and accepts the teachings of the lowly Nazarine. One of Rome's emperors becomes a convert, and by virtue of his power and influence as representing the chief nation of the world, draws the attention of mankind to Christianity throughout the world. Civilized nations falling in with the example of Rome listen to the teachings, and accept the doctrines of the Christian church, and barbarous peoples subdued by Roman arms, adopt the new religion, until the whole of Europe from Italy to Britain owns its sway.



MODERN JERUSALEM.

kingdom upon earth. Thousands of Christians suffer martyrdom. We see them burned at the stake, sacrificed to the fury of wild beasts, and drowned in the yellow waters of the Tiber—the very name of Christian made a sign of shame, and the adherents of its doctrines regarded as outside the pale of mercy. Yet step by step Christianity progresses. Neither persecution nor death can win the Saints from their belief in Christ's gospel, and at length their faithfulness is rewarded by the establishment of its principles throughout the world.

Thus we see the doctrines of the humble and despised Nazarine, established as a supreme power in the destinies of the world. Under their gentle and humanizing influence the fierce natures of the barbarians are subdued, and with all peoples and classes the Church maintains a sovereign power.

The force and lawlessness of arms by which had been diminished so far the affairs of the world, by Christianity is held in check, and to the oppressed and persecuted, the church offers a place of refuge which not even the most powerful may violate. The principle of

brute force is replaced by that of chivalry, by whose code men are constrained to cultivate the attributes of gentleness and mercy, as well as those of courage and strength.

We see at length the spectacle of great armies going forth to battle for the rescue of the lands made dear by the sufferings and martyrdom of the Savior from the hands of unbelievers; enduring hardships and peril, and offering their lives in willing sacrifice for the loved cause. A glorious reward for the efforts of their few disciples who taught to the world the gospel of Him who died upon the cross amid the taunts and revilings of men.

Now we see the church exercising the highest temporal as well as spiritual power on earth. Popes dwelling at Rome and holding the keys descended from the Apostle Peter, are recognized not only as the vicegerents of heaven, but also dictates in the affairs of earth. Nations strive for his favor, and kings obey his dictates, humbling themselves before him and receiving crowns and kingdoms from his hands. Thus we see the church brought to the very acme of power on earth. Then commences the abuse of this high license. The church no longer conforms to the simple tenets of Christ's teachings. Display and pomp become chief attributes in the form of religious worship, in place of the simple rituals which had sufficed the faith of the early disciples of Christ. Immorality and corruption exist in many of the institutes established in her name, and the severe code of conduct set forth by Christ for an example to His followers, is no longer insisted upon as being necessary to a true Christian life. Sin is committed, and the guilty one wins complete pardon from heaven by the confession of his fault to a representative of the church. Nor is this all. Monks travel from place to place, carrying with them written pardons and indulgencies for sin, which they sell at a price, large or small, according to the degree of the sin committed. These are but a few of the practices which creep in to make a mockery of the pure religion set up by Christ.

But though there are many who are ready to take advantage of this license allowed by the church, to lead lives of sinfulness, all are not ready to yield up the pure principles of the gospel of Christ. We see John Huss and Jerome of Prague, burnt at the stake for denouncing the abuses that have crept into the church. Luther, the great author of the Reformation, now stands forth with his scorching denunciation of the practices of the church, and establishing a new form of religion upon the pure principles of the early faith. Then follows the bitter warfare between Catholics and Protestants, caused by the enmity of these two divisions of the church of Christ. The pope becomes jealous for the supremacy of the mother church and every method of persecution is practiced to make the believers in the new form recant. Wholesale massacres and secret assassinations take place. The terrible order of the Inquisition is established, by whose cruel tortures men and women are compelled to swear allegiance to the mother church and abjure the doctrines established by Luther.

History shows no more frightful scenes of cruelty than those enacted in the name of religion. France, which by this time has risen to a chief place among the nations of the world, is the scene of one of the most shocking of the crimes committed by the Catholics in their hatred for those of the reformed religion. Here the number of Protestants is great, and they now threaten to become a strong power in influencing the destinies of the kingdom. Catherine de Medici, the mother of the reigning monarch, hating the Protestants, and fearing their growing influence, thinks only of a means for securing their destruction. At length she receives from the king a sign of consent to her wishes for their death. It is the eve of St. Bartholemew's day, and throughout France thousands of Protestants, are sleeping in peacefulness, oblivious of the cruel fate which awaits them. As the bells from the church towers ring their announcement of the dawn of a new day, a frightful clamor awakens in the streets of the cities throughout

France. The Catholics have been armed and ready, and at the signal given, they rush into the houses of the Protestants, dragging men, women and children from their beds to slay them without mercy.

Thirty thousand victims perish in this massacre which is carried on throughout France. The Protestants are not wholly destroyed, however, and we see them by courageous and determined efforts securing redress for the wrongs which they have suffered. An edict is at length granted which confers upon them not only entire liberty of conscience, but also the right of being admitted to offices of honor and emolument in France. We see them enjoying a brief period of peace, and then the edict is revoked and persecution again commences. Five hundred thousand of the Protestants, counting among them the best citizens of France, are banished from their country to dwell in exile.

The cause of Protestantism elsewhere has made great headway. In England it becomes the established religion of the kingdom. Then commences a period of retaliation on the part of the triumphant Protestants, who wish to visit upon the now humble Catholics the same persecutions which they have been made to endure. As kings die or are deposed, and each religion in turn becomes dominant, terrible persecutions are devised by which the weaker are made to suffer. Hundreds die at the stake and upon the scaffold, and others who escape death suffer untold tortures for conscience sake.

Thus we see the holy name of religion branded with the stigma of violence and bloodshed, until a time when the dawning rays of tolerance burst through the night of superstition, awakening the world to that belief in a liberty of conscience, by which man is declared to be accountable to his Maker alone for following the dictates of conscience. Brought gradually to this belief the nations of the earth cease the continual and violent warfare before occasioned by the smallest differences in faith's religious opinions, though various exceptions break the calm produced

by the prevalence of this more tolerant spirit.

Josephine Spencer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADVICE.

IF YOU'D make a mark that is high, young man,
And be one with the noble and true,
Step forth in might to the aid of right
Where honors are waiting for you, young man,
Where laurels are waiting for you.

The world is watching for you, young man,
To help it along on its way,
So, up and do, and the path pursue
That leads to duty today, young man,
That points to duty today.

If your talents are bright and rare, young man,
Where, better than here, could you be?
There's a world to win from the depths of sin,
By the tireless efforts of love, young man,
By the God-like labors of love.

Fear not, lest your genius grow dim, young man,
For the want of a proper sphere;
You will always see, if you ready be,
A place you are wanted to fill, young man,
A sphere you are welcome to fill.

Should it ever fall to your lot, young man,
To choose between virtue and gold;
Let the former prevail, for the latter might fail
To furnish you peace when you're old, young man,
To comfort your heart when you're old.

Should your mates who mask as your friends, young man,
Ever press you the dread draught to drink,
That has swept with woe our world below,
Take time, ere you touch it, to think, young man,
Take time, ere you taste it, to think.

Have a mind and will of your own, young man,
The truth and the right to defend;
Though the foolish rail, and your course assail,
They will see you were right in the end, young man,
They will own you were wise, in the end.

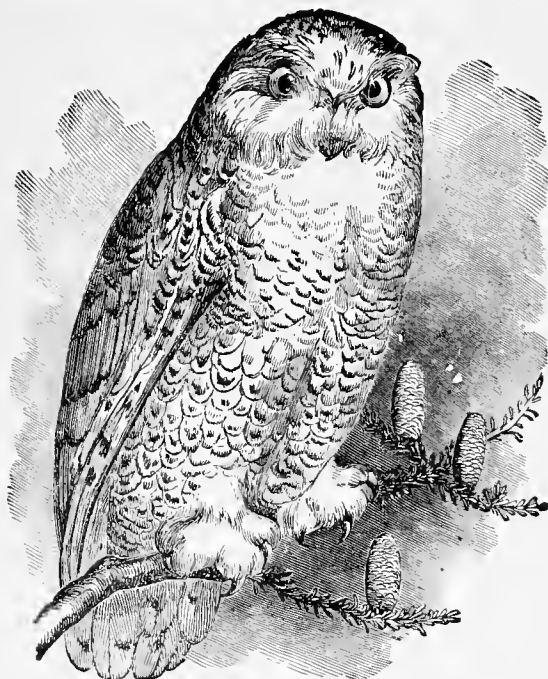
J. C.

CORRECTION.—In the Deseret Sunday School Leaflet, No. 43, on the subject of the "Prophet Lehi," which is the lesson for our Sunday Schools for June 15th, a strange error appears. In the note on "Babylon" it is stated that "the capture of Jerusalem took place about eleven hundred years after the date of Lehi's prophecy." It should read "*eleven years*," the word *hundred* having no business there.

For Our Little Folks.

THE OWL.

OWLS are, almost without exception, nocturnal in their habits, and their form and structure is adapted to their life. Their eyes are so made as to take in every ray of light, and are



AN OWL.

extremely sensitive to the glare of daylight, as every one knows who has seen the pitiable way in which an owl will blink when exposed to it. The owl is not a songster, though Gilbert White says in his *Selbourne* that a certain friend of his tried the voices of the owls in his neighborhood, and found that they all hooted in B flat. Frank Buckland, an Eng-

lish naturalist, gives an owl-call which he learned from a jagd-meister in Germany. It is made thus: "Bend up all the fingers of the right hand, clasp them tight with the fingers of the left, leaving a hollow; crook the two thumbs so as to leave a crack; blow sharp into the hollow. The call will act better if the hands are wetted." Owls are extremely useful in clearing out mice and other small vermin. The owl, like the hawk, throws up, in the form of pellets, the hair, feathers and bones of the creatures he has eaten.

Of our American owls, the Burrowing owl may be mentioned as most interesting. It lives harmoniously with the prairie dog, and into their underground habitation the rattlesnake often intrudes, and together they form a happy family of three. Owls nest in holes, sometimes in deep holes in trees. English boys have an ingenious way of getting at the young birds in these holes. They roll up a woolen stocking in a loose ball, and by means of a string, bob it up and down above the young owls. The owl chicks naturally turn on their backs and attack it with their claws, and are not able to disentangle them. So the boys draw them out easily. They are rather amusing pets.

"How greedy you are!" said Mary as Johnny took the last banana. "I wanted that myself."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH
HISTORY, PUBLISHED IN No.
10, VOL. XXV.

1. How did President Young and the apostles take hold of the new duties which devolved upon them after their arrival in Nauvoo? A. With great zeal and energy, for they were surrounded by enemies, and had great responsibility resting upon them.

2. Who were appointed to act as trustees-in-trust of the Church at that time? A. Bishops N. K. Whitney and George Miller.

3. When was the first general epistle issued by the leaders to the Church after the death of the Prophet? A. On the 15th of August, 1844.

4. What position was the Church likened unto at this time? A. To that of a flock that had lost its shepherd. Joseph had been killed; his voice was hushed in death; but the sheep were not left to scatter.

5. How was the epistle therefore, received? A. It was received with gladness by the Saints everywhere. They knew the voice to be that of the true shepherd.

6. What disposition was manifested by some during these days? A. To lead off companies to the wilderness, promising the people that they would there receive their endowments.

7. What report was circulated regarding Brigham Young's connection with the matter? A. That he and the apostles had a secret

understanding with the leaders of these companies to the effect that they were to take away all that they could; and although in public, the Twelve would speak against their going, yet privately they wished them to go.

8. Was this report true? A. No; it was the cunning plan of the evil one, by which he hoped to break up the union of the people and destroy the work of God.

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 10, Vol. 25: H. H. Blood, H. C. Blood, Jennetta Blood, Annie S. Sessions, C. E. Wight, Rebecca C. Allen, Sophronia Wood, and Bertha Howell.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHEN was the largest and last capital stone laid upon the Nauvoo Temple? 2. What were the fears entertained by the Saints before this last stone was laid? 3. But what was the result? 4. What occurred in two hours after the capital was put in its place? 5. Finding that the murder of Joseph and Hyrum had not been attended with the desired results which the enemies of the Church anticipated, what was their next move? 6. What was the effect produced by these infamous lies? 7. What did they mean to

accomplish by this? 8. What incident did Gov. Ford relate as having come under his own observation which illustrated the character of the charges circulated about the people of Nauvoo? 9. What did he say regarding this matter in his message to the legislature?

DO YOU KNOW IT ALL, BOYS?

THERE comes a time in the life of every boy when he thinks he knows it all. If he were riding on a locomotive he would want to tell the engineer just how to run the engine. In his own home he thinks he knows more about how the house ought to be managed than his mother does, and he is positively certain he knows much better what is best for himself than his father knows, in spite of his age and experience.

This does not usually last long, and from that time on for the rest of his life he will realize more and more how little he really knows. Some boys get over their conceit gradually; others are hustled out of it very unceremoniously by some unpleasant experience. This was the case with a gentleman who thus relates his experience.

Ice-boating is dangerous at the best; and when the flying boats, going at railroad speed, find it necessary to tack, it must require all the strength and attention of the passengers to hold on successfully.

I remember the first time I ever climbed into an ice-boat. It was near Saugerties, on the Hudson, about thirty years ago. Three other passengers were there, too; but I was the only novice. I was horribly afraid of air-holes, for I heard a great deal about them. Seeing one about fifty yards in front of us, and directly in our track, I nervously drew the steersman's attention to it.

"Do you think I am blind?" he replied angrily, for I had bothered him that way once or twice before. A second later he shouted, "Hold on all!" and I, who had not held on fast enough, as the boat spun away on another course, was shot out of the craft and went sliding over the ice at a wonderful rate of speed. There was a splash, and I felt the water close over my head. I thought we were all lost, for, in my fright and confusion, I had not noticed that I had left the iceboat, but when I rose, spluttering, to the surface, I saw my companions two hundred feet away and quite safe. It was I who was in the air hole and I was there alone.

It was a quarter of an hour before I was fished out, half-drowned and two-thirds frozen. Since that day I have never attempted to offer suggestions to the steersman, but have devoted my attention exclusively to my own business and chiefly to holding on when he tells me.

The only way to be successful and happy in life is to do the very best that can be done in whatever place

one is called to act. If this position be at the helm, the work of guiding the vessel should receive careful and undivided attention. If the labor is merely that of a cabin boy, it should be done with equal care. If, however, one is merely a passenger, he should be content to allow others to perform the duties assigned to them, and his exertion ought to be directed to holding on when the ship rocks and waves dash over its deck.

S. N.

DO FISHES SLEEP?

As FISHES have no eyelids, and cannot therefore very well close their eyes when asleep, it has been doubted whether they really did sleep as other members of the animal creation do. A somewhat recent observation of certain carp in a Berlin aquarium has led to definite conclusions in regard to the subject. There are about a dozen of these carp in one section, and somewhere about October they were observed to take certain positions indicative of sleep. It is their habit, in their natural state, to bury themselves in mud at the beginning of the cold weather, but in the artificial life of the aquarium this was impossible, and they had to make their preparations for the winter under the eye of the observer. Some of these fish rested on the gravel with their head and tail only touching it; others

would slowly turn out their right or left side and go to sleep, apparently, like any other tired creature; while one, without fear of apoplexy, stood upon his head and dozed. If a tempting bit of food was dropped into the water they would arouse, seize it and again fall asleep. Such queer conduct on the part of these carp was at first taken as a symptom of illness. It continued for six months, and as, in every other respect, they appeared well, the conclusion was finally reached that like the polar bear they sleep through the winter.

THE GREAT BELL OF CHINA.

THE largest hanging bell in the world is in a Buddhist monastery near Canton, China. It is eighteen feet high and forty-five feet in circumference, and is of solid bronze. It is one of eight great bells which were cast by command of the Emperor Yung-Lo about A. D. 1400. It is said that eight men were killed during the casting. The whole bell, inside and out, is covered with an inscription in embossed Chinese characters about half an inch long, the total number being eighty-four thousand. These characters tell a single story—one of the Chinese classics.

GOD's children must have God's qualities.

I LIKE TO LAUGH.

I LIKE to laugh, when laughing's right,
It makes sad, evil thoughts take flight,
To keep a bright and smiling face—
And gloom and melancholy chase.
I like to laugh; it does me good,
And sweetens up my daily food.

I like to laugh, when wisdom guides,
And good sound sense and wit presides;
When generous sentiments abound
I love to hear the laugh go round;
But ne'er to laugh am I inclined
When laughter sways the vacant mind.

I never laugh at ribald jest,
Though in fine language it be drest,
And when misfortune shows her hand,
'Gainst laughter ever take my stand,
And feel that laughter e'en was made
To elevate and not degrade.

I love to hear the bright heyday
Of happy children when at play,
When they are free from sin and guile,
And no dark thoughts their minds defile.
May we in pureness ever share
The joys that always cluster there.

H.

ZION WILL BE FREE.

TENOR SOLO.

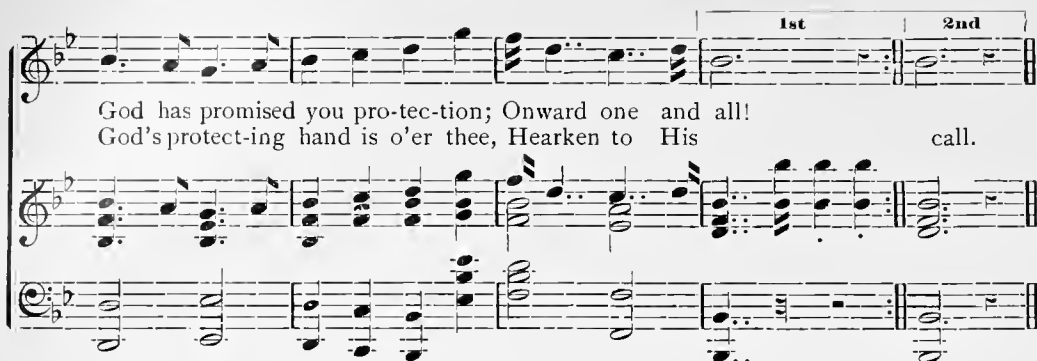
Molto animato.

WORDS AND ARRANGEMENT BY J. H. DAVIS.

ORGAN.


VOICE.

Thou, O no - ble sons of Zi - on, Be u - ni - ted work in un - ion,
Seek ye first e - ter - nal glor - y Vic - to - ry is e'er be - fore ye,



God has promised you pro-tection; Onward one and all!
 God's protect-ing hand is o'er thee, Hearken to His call.

CHORUS.



Sing a - loud Ho - san - nah, To the great Je - ho - vah.



God is might - y to save; He's Al - pha and O - me - ga, Ye

Gen-tile na - tions fear and tremble, Saints be ye ev - er meek and hum-ble,
 Gen-tile na - tions fear and tremble Saints be ye ev - er meek and hum-ble,

On Mount Zi - on all as - sem - ble, Zi-on will be free.
 On Mount Zi - on all as - sem - ble, Zi-on will be free.

God has said that we should gather,
 And unite all here together,
 Then assist each noble brother
 In this heavenly call;
 Work then valiant for God's kingdom,
 And proclaim to every nation
 To repent and come to Zion
 Ere the nation's fall.

Chorus.

Thou art hated by all nations,
 They're intent on thy destruction,
 They will reap their condemnation,
 Fear them not at all.
 Stand thou firm in persecution,
 Be thou loyal to our union
 And uphold the Constitution,
 Lest this nation fall.

Chorus.

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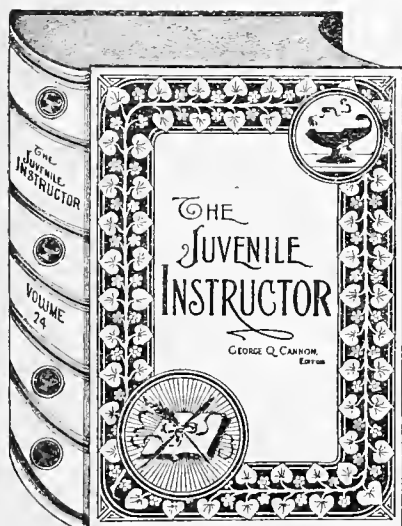
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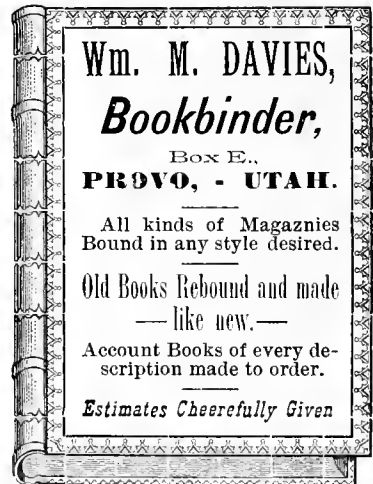
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